DOCTOR Merrie-man:

OR, Nothing but Mirth.

Written by S. R.

AT LONDON,
Printed for *Iohn Deane*, and are to sold at his Shoppe at Temple-barre vnder the gate.
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A Citizen for recreation ſake,
To ſee the Country would a iourney take,
Some dozen Mile, or very little more;
Taking his leaue with friends, two months before
With drinking health's, and ſhaking by the hand,
As he had trauail'd to ſome new-found land.
Well, taking Horſe with very much adoe,
London he leaueth for a day or two;
And as he rideth, meetes vpon the way
Such, as (what haſte ſoeuer) bid men ſtay:
Sirrah ſayes one, ſtand, and your Purſe deliuer;
I am a taker, thou muſt be a giuer.
Vnto a Wood hard by, they hale him in,
And riffle him vnto his very skin.
Maiſters (quoth he) pray heare mee ere you go,
For you haue rob'd more now then you do know:
My Horſe in troth I borrow'd of my Brother,
The Bridle and the Saddle of another:
The Ierkin and the Baſes be a Taylours,
The Scarfe (I do aſſure you) is a Saylours:
The falling Band is likewiſe none of mine,
Nor Cuffes, as true as this good light doth ſhine:
The Sattin Doublet and Rays'd-veluet Hoſe
Are our Church-wardens (all the Pariſh knowes)
The Bootes are *Iohn* the Grocers at the Swan,
The Spurres were lent me by a Seruing-man:
One of my Rings (that with the great red ſtone)

In ſooth I borrowed of my Goſsip *Ione*;
Her Husband knowes not of it. Gentlemen,
Thus ſtandes my caſe, I pray ſhew fauour then.
Why (quoth the Theeues) thou needſt not greatly care,
Since in thy loſſe, ſo many beares a ſhare:
The world goes hard; many good-fellowes lacke,
Looke not at this time, for a penny backe;
Goe tell at *London*, thou didſt meete with foure,
That rifling thee, haue rob'd at leaſt a ſcore.

TWo Beggers did encounter on the way,
That had not ſeene each other many a day:
Nor met together at the Hedge (Rogues hall)
As perfect lowzy, as they both could crawle.
Each had a Hat, and Night-cap for the cold,
And Cloakes with patches, full as they might hold:
Great Satchell Scrips, that ſhut with Leather flaps,
And each a Dogge to eate his maiſters ſcraps.
Their Shooes were Hob-naile proofe, ſoundly beſegg'd
Wrapt well with Clouts, to keepe them warmer legg'd:
Sayes one to th'other, Come, hang care, let's drinke,
Our trade is better then a number thinke,
For I, my wife, and *Iacke*, ply vp and downe,
To make our ery day, worth halfe a crowne.
Moſt townes in *Flanders*, I haue learn'd to name,
And am a poore diſtreſſed Souldier lame.
And ſometimes I their charities deſire,
Like one hath loſt all that he had by fire.
Fire (quoth th'other,) come along mad knaue,
Let's goe where we ſome watering place may haue.
Wher's the beſt Beere to giue a man content?

I haue a Penny that was neuer ſpent.
And twentie Slaues, I Gentlemen did name,
Before I could be maiſter of the ſame:
To many an Aſſe I doe the *Worſhip* giue,
With, *Lord preſerue your goodneſſe while you liue:*
Now Ieſus proſper you by Sea and Land,
And bleſſe you Maiſter, all you take in hand.
God keepe your Limbes, and Lord increaſe your Store,
I eate no bread to day, (but drank the more:)
For Chriſt his ſake make this ſame vp a penny.
Thus do I angle Siluer out of many;
I, when I haue it for my ſpeaking faire,
If he were hangd that gaue it, I neare care.
The other Begger laught, and did reply,
Roger, of that ſame humour right am I.
I can affoord good ſpeech as well as thou,
And vnto any Knaue ſuch wardes allow,
I will not want that, till my tongue doe faile:
But preethee come, let vs goe finde this Ale;
I am as dry, as euer was March-duſt,
And heres a Groat, I meane to ſpend it iuſt.
Well ſayd old *Tom* (ſayes th'other,) if thou doe,
My Groat ſhall goe, and my *Tobacco* too,
Although a Beggers credit be not great,
We will be Gentlemen in our conceit:
I thinke my ſelfe as good a man each way,
As hee that goes in Veluet er'y day.
Weele ſpend a Crowne, and drinke carowſes round,
Before ſome Churles, are worth ten thouſand pound:
Ther's nothing but a paire of Stocks we feare:
Ile bring thee to a cup of tickling geare.

A Mony-monger choyce of Suerties had,
A Country-fellow, plaine in Ruſſet clad;
His Doublet Mutton-taffaty, Sheeps skins,
His Sleeues at hand button'd with two good pins,
Vpon his head a filthy greazie Hat
That had a hole (eate thorow by ſome Rat)
A Leather Pouch, that with a Snap-haunce ſhut,
Two hundred Hob-nayles in his Shooes were put:
The Stockings that his clowniſh Legges did fit,
Were Kerſie to the calfe, and t'other knit:
And at a word, th'apparell that he wore,
Was not worth Twelue-pence, ſold at, *Who giues more?*
The other Suertie, of an other ſtuffe,
All Silke and Veluet, in his double Ruffe,
Made Lawne and Cambricke, both ſuch common ware,
His duble ſet, had Falling-band to ſpare.,
His faſhion new, with laſt edition ſtood,
His Rapier hilts embrew'd in Golden blood:
And theſe ſame trappings made him ſeeme one ſound,
To paſſe his credit for a Hundred pound:
So was accepted, Ruſſet-coate denay'd:
But when time came the Money ſhould be pay'd,
And Mounſieur Vſurer did haunt him out,
Strange alteration ſtrooke his heart in doubt:
For in the Counter he was gone to dwell,
And Brokers had his painted Cloaths to ſell:
The Vſurer then further vnderſtands,
The Clowne refus'd, was rich, and had good lands;
Ready through rage to hange himſelfe, he ſwore,
That Silken knaues ſhould cozen him no more.

A Wealthy Misers Sonne, vpon the way,
Met a poore Youth, that did intreat and pray
Some-thing of Charitie in his distresse,
Helpe sir (quoth hee) one that is Fatherlesse.
Sirrah (sayd hee) away, be gone with speed,
Ile helpe none such; thou art a Knaue in deed.
Dost thou complaine, because thou want'st a Father?
Were it my case, I would reioyce the rather:
For if thy Fathers death, cause thee to pine,
I would my Father had excused mine.

A Country fellow had a Dreame,
Which did his minde amaze,
That starting vp, he wakes his wife,
And thus to her he sayes.
Oh Woman rise, and helpe our Goose,
For euen the best we haue,
Is presently at poynt to die,
Vnlesse her life you saue.
On either side of her I saw
A hungry Foxe doth sit,
But staying vpon curtesie
Who shall begin first bit.
Husband (quoth she) if this be all,
I can your Dreame expound,
The perfect meaning of the same
I instantly haue found.
The Goose betweene two Foxes plac't,
Which in your sleepe you saw,
Is you your selfe that proone a Goose,

In

In going still to law.
On eyther side a Lawyer comes,
And they doe feathers pull,
That in the end, you will be left
A bare and naked Gull.
Wife, in good troth (quoth he) I thinke,
Thou art iust in the right,
My Purse can witnesse to my griefe,
They doe begin to bite:
I doe resolue an other course,
And much commend thy wit;
Ile leaue the Gooses part for them
That haue a minde to it:
And if thou euer finde that I
To lawing humors fall,
Let mee be hang'd at Westminster,
(Wife) Ile for-sweare the Hall.

A Nidle fellow that would take no paine,
Looking that others should his state maintaine,
Was sharpe reproou'd by an honest friend,
Who told him, Man was made to other end,
Then onely eate, and drinke, and sleepe, and play.
To whom the lazie creature thus did say;
(Sir) I doe nere intende to labour much,
Because I see the bad reward of such
As take most paynes: Horses that labour great,
Are cast in ditches for the Dogges to eate.

A craftie

A Craftie kind of knauiſh foole,
Whereof there plentie bee,
Did breake his Miſtris looking-Glaſſe.
And ſwore it was not hee:
His Maiſter did examine him,
Demaunding who it was,
(Sir) if youle be content (quoth he)
Ile tell who broke the Glaſſe.
With that, he brought him in the Hall,
To *Fortunes* Picture there,
Saying, Sir, t'was *Fortune* did the deed,
She ought the blame to beare.
His Maiſter tooke a Cudgell,
And belabour'd him withall,
Who crying out for mercie, downe
Before his feete did fall.
Nay (quoth his Maiſter) tis not I,
To *Fourtune* you muſt ſpeake,
For euen ſhe that cudgels you,
The Glaſſe before did breake.

A Sort of Clownes for loſſe which they ſuſtain'd
By Souldiers, to the Captaine ſore complain'd,
With dolefull words, and very wofull faces,
They mou'd him to compaſſionate their caſes.
Good Sir (ſayes one) I pray redreſſe our wrong,
They that haue done it, vnto you belong:
Of all that ere we had, we are bereft,
Except our very Shirts, nothing is left.
The Captaine anſwer'd thus; Fellowes heare mee:
My Souldiers rob'd you not, I plainely ſee:
At your firſt ſpeach you made me ſomwhat ſad,
But your laſt words reſolude the doubt I had:

For they which rifled you, left Shirts you say;
And I am sure mine carry all away:
By this I know an errour you are in,
My Souldiers would haue left you but your skin.

ONe dying, left three Sonnes, to
Whom he aduice did giue,
Of what profession to make choyce,
Whereby they best might liue.
Vnto the first he sayd,
Law will be good for thee,
I know as long as there be men,
Some wranglers still will bee.
The second he did wish
A *Channons* life to chuse;
For when that others weepe and mourne,
Why thou shalt singing vse.
And to the third he sayd,
Physicke for thee is fit,
For Earth will smother all the faults
Physitians doe commit.

AN old stale Widdower, quite past the best,
That had nothing about him in request,
Saue onely that he carryed in his Purse,
Would haue a tender Wench to be his Nurse;
His Sight was dim, his Teeth were rotted out,
His Hands had Palzie, and his Legges the Gout:
Yet her would Wench it with a daintie Mayde,
Whose beauties pride in all the Parish sway'de;
And had her equall hardly to be seen,
A tender young one, much about fifteene.

This Gallant to her did a Suter goe,
With much adoe, his Legges did plague him so,
Yet with his Staffe a prettie shift he made,
So told her, (*Cupid* had the villaine playd
With his poore heart, t'was wounded for her sake,
And she must needs the healing Playster make.
The Mayde beheld him with a lothing eye,
And for his quicke dispatch, made quick reply.
Kind Sir, (quoth she) your suite in Loue withdraw,
You shall not thatch my new House with old Straw.

A Getleman, a curious Building fram'd,
A House like those, that are from Founders nam'd,
The Work-men had inlarg'd their Art thereon,
Composing it, a curious heape of Stone.
Being perfect finished as't ought to bee,
The Founder, brought his Friend, the same to see,
Demaunding how he lik't that House of his?
Why well (quoth he) onely one fault amisse.
And that me-thinks disgraceth all the rest,
Your Kitchin is too little I protest.
Oh Sir (quoth he) in that you do mistake,
A reason for the same I will you make:
Of purpose I contriu'd the Kitchin small,
To haue my House the bigger therewithall.

A *Barber* and a *Mower* did contend,
With much adoe before their strife could end:
About the priuiledge that each did claime.
And thus the *Barber* did his reasons frame,
Sir, I am head of all the Trades that bee,
For Kings must sit bare-headed vnto mee,

The greatest Monarch that on earth we finde,
Puts off to mee: *Mower* you come behinde.
Th'other reply'd, *Barber* in vaine you iarre,
I haue a priuiledge exceeds you farre;
For when by mee, the Grasse with Sieth is shorne,
Or that my Sickle cutteth downe the Corne,
Vpon the stumps I boldly can vntrusse:
What *Barber* on his worke, that dare doe thus?

AN humorous phantastick Asse,
Whose Wit and Wealth were spent,
Did in all companies he came
Boast of his great discent.
And all the Gentlemen he knew,
Vnto his blood were base:
For he could proone from *Noes* great Flood,
His stocke of royall rase.
Pray Sir (quoth one) take no more paynes
In this same worthy thing,
For it is most apparant plaine,
From what old House you spring.
You may iust proone your Pedigree
From *Noah* to this hower:
Your Ancestors good Masons were,
That wrought on *Babell* Tower.
And were I as your Worship is,
In spight of Bricklayers hall,
I would giue Trowell in mine Armes,
A Ladder, Tray, and all.

GEntlemen that approch about my stall,
To most rare Phisicke I inuite you all;
Come neere and harken what I haue to tell,

And

And deale with me all those that are not well.
In this Boxe heere, I haue such precious stuffe,
To giue it prayse, I haue not words enough:
If any Humour in your Braines be crept,
Ile fetch it out, as if your Heads were swept.
Almost through *Europe* I haue showne my face,
In euery Towne and euery Market place,
Behold this Salue; I doe not vse to lye,
Whole Hospitals, there haue bin curde thereby.
I doe not stand heere, like a tatter'd slaue,
My Veluet and my Chaine of Gold I haue:
Which cannot be maintained by mens lookes:
Friends, all your Towne is hardly worth my Bookes.
There standes my Coach and Horses, 'tis mine owne,
From hence to *Turkie* is my credit knowne:
In few I cannot boast as many will;
Let nothing speake for me but onely skill.
See you that thing, like Ginger-bread lies there?
My tongue cannot expresse to any eare
The sundry vertues that it doth containe,
Or number halfe the Wormes that it hath slaine.
If in your bellies there be Crawlers bred
In multitudes, like Haires vpon your head:
Within some houres space, or thereabout,
At all the holes you haue, Ile fetch them out,
And ferret them before that I haue done,
Euen like the Hare that foorth a bush doth run.
Heere is a wond'rous Water for the Eye,
This for the Stomacke: Maisters will you buy?
When I am gone, you will repent too late,
And then, like fooles, among your selues will prate,
Oh that we had that famous Man againe,
When I shall be supplid in *France* or *Spaine*.

Now for a *Stone*, you a Box may haue,
That will driue out of halfe a dozen saues.
My Man is come, and I mine care be layes,
At home for me, at least an hundred staues;
All Gentlemen, yet for your good you see,
I make them tarry and attend for mee:
Yf that you haue iniq Mbondy, let me know,
Phisicke of almes, vpon you Ile bestow.
What Doctor in the world can offer more?
Such arrant Clownes I neuer knew before:
Here you do stand like Owles and gaze on mee,
But not a penny from you I can see.
A man shall come to do such things as good,
And can not haue his meaning vnderstood,
To talke to fencelesse people is in vaine,
Ile see you hangd ere I come heere againe.
Be all Diseas'd as bad as Horses be,
And die in Dutches like to Dogges for mee:
An old Wiues Medicine, Parsely, Time, and Sage,
Will serue such Buzzards in this fowle age:
Goose-greasse and Fenell, with a few Dog-dates,
Is excellent for such base low Pymates:
Farewell, some Hempton Haulter be thy charme,
To stretch your neckes as long as is mine arme.

ONe came to court a Wench which was precise,
And by the spirit did the flesh dispise,
Mooning a feate match betweene them two,
But she in sooth and sadnesse would not doe.
He did reply, so sweete a faire as thee,
Made of the stuffe as all fraile women bee,
Ought by the law of Nature to be kinde,
And shew herselfe to beare a womans minde.

Well Sir (quoth she) you may do much preuaile
With cunning speeches and a pleasing tale,
Tis but a folly to be ouer-nice,
You shall but twentie shillings is my price,
Abrace of Angels if you will bestow,
Come such a time, and bam for you, &c.
Well, he tooke loue, and with her husband met,
Told him by bond he was to pay a debt,
Intreating him to do so good a deed,
As lend him twentie shillings at his need,
Which very kind he presently did extend,
And th'other willing on his Wife did spend,
So taking leaue with smiling countenance,
Will be the Sixt, he goes his way,
Meeting his Creditor within few dayes,

And told him, Sir, I was at home to pay
The twentie shillinges which you lent last day:
And with your wife (because you were not there)
I left it, pray you with my bold offence bear.
Tis well (quoth he) I am glad I did you pleasure,
So comming home, questions his Wife at leisure,
I pray sweete heart, was such a man with thee,
To pay two Angels, which he had of me?
She blush'd, and said, he hath beene in deed,
But you did ill to lend your husband backe a groat,
The falshood of the world you do not spie,
It is not good to trust before we try:
Pray lend no more, for it may breed much strife,
To haue such Knaues come home to pay your Wife.

A Crew of Foxes, all on the ruine set,
Togeather at a Countrie Hen-roost met,
Where the poore Poultrie went to greeuous wrack,

For

For there they feasted till their guts did crack,
Hauing well sup't, ready to goe away,
Without demaunding what they had to pay;
Sayes one vnto the rest: Friends harke vnto mee,
Lets poynt where our next meeting place shall bee.
With a good-will sayes one about the rest,
At such a Farmers house, his Lambs be best.
Nay (quoth another) I doe know a Clowne,
Hath euen the fattest Geese in all the Towne:
Well Maisters, sayd a graue and auncient Fox,
Had bin the death of many Hens and Cox,
The surest place to meete, that I can tell,
Will be the Skinners shop: and so farewell.

A Shepheard that a carefull eye did keepe,
Vnto the safetie of his grazing Sheepe;
Perceiu'd a Wolfe through the hedge to prie:
Sirrah (quoth he) pray, what make you so nie?
Why (sayd the Wolfe) thou seest I doe no ill,
Thy Flocks are farre enough vpon the hill.
What Iustice now a dayes these people lacks?
The Crowes ride boldly on thy Cattels backs,
And not a word thou sayst to them at all,
Yet but for looking on, with me dost braule.
The Prouerb's true, for now I finde it well,
Which once I heard an auncient old Wolfe tell:
He that vpon a bad ill name doth light,
Is euen halfe hang'd, as good be hang'd out-right;
And I my selfe by proofe can now alledge,
Some better steale, then some looke ore the hedge.

The

For

THe Diuell did complaine he was not well,
And would goe take some Phisicke out of Hell:
To *England*, *France*, and *Spaine*, with speed he got,
Where all refusde him, he did burne so hot.
In haste he then to *Germanie* did hie,
The cunning of a *Quack-saluer* to trie,
Where in a market place, vpon a Stage,
He found a fellow could all griefes asswage.
Doctor (quoth he) I want some of thy skill,
For I do finde I am exceeding ill:
And any thing for ease I will endure,
What, wilt thou vndertake my paine to cure?
If thou canst ease the maladie I haue,
Thou shalt haue Gold, euen what thy selfe wilt craue.
Gentleman (sayd this Doctor to the Diuell)
Vpon my life, Ile rid you of your euill;
Make vnto me those griefes you haue but knowne,
And with the curing them, let meet alone.
Why Sir (quoth he) my Head with Hornes doth ake,
My Braines doth Brimstone-like Tobacco take;
My Eyes are full of euer-burning Fire,
My Tongue a drop of Water doth desire;
About my Heart doth crawling Serpents creepe,
And I can neither eate, nor drinke, nor sleepe:
There's no Diseases whatsoere they bee,
But I haue all of them imposde on mee.
All torments that the tongue of man can name,
Within, without, in a continuall flame.
Quoth the *Quack-saluer*, Sir, Ile vndertake
A sound man of you in a month to make:
Wilt please your Worship, shew me where you dwelle
Marry (quoth he) my Chamber is in Hell:
Thy charges in the iourney I will beare,

And Ile preferre thee to the Diuell there.
With ſpeed get vp, Ile take thee on my backe,
The World may ſpare you, and in Hell we lacke.

A Biſhop met two Prieſts vpon the way,
And did ſalute them with the time of day:
Good-morrow Clarks, vnto you both (quoth he.)
Sir (they repli'd) no Clarkes, but Prieſtes are we.
Why (ſayd the Biſhop) then I will conſent
Vnto the title of your owne content:
Since you denie to carry Schollers markes,
Good-morrow to you Prieſtes (that are no Clarkes.)

ONe climbing of a Tree, by hap
Fell downe and brake his Arme,
And did complaine vnto a friend
Of his vnluckie harme.
Would I had counſel'd you before
(Quoth he) to whom he ſpake,
I know a tricke for Climbers,
That they neuer hurt ſhall take.
Neighbour (ſayd he) I haue a Sonne,
And he doth vſe to climbe,
Pray let me know that ſame for him,
Againſt another time.
Why thus (quoth he) let any man
That liues, climbe nere ſo hie:
And make no more haſte downe, then vp,
No harme can come thereby.

AN aged Gentleman, ſore ſicke did lie,
Expecting life, that could not chuſe but die:
His Foole came to him, and intreateth thus

Good Maiſter ere you goe away from vs,
Beſtow on *Iacke* (that oft hath made you laugh)
Againſt he waxeth old, your walking-Staffe:
I will (quoth he) goe take it, there it lies;
But on condition *Iacke*, which ſhall be this:
If thou doe meete with any while thou liue,
More Foole then thou, the Staffe thou ſhalt him giue.
Maiſter (ſayd he), vpon my life I will,
But I do hope that I ſhall keepe it ſtill.
When *Death* drew neare, and faintneſſe did proceed,
His Maiſter cals for a Diuine with ſpeed,
For to prepare him vnto Heauens way.
The Foole ſtarts vp, and haſtily did ſay:
Oh Maiſter, Maiſter, take your Staffe againe,
That prooue your ſelfe the moſt Foole of vs twaine:
Haue you liu'd now, ſome foure ſcore yeares and odde,
And all this time, are vnprepar'd for God?
What greater Foole can any meete withall,
Then one that's ready in the Graue to fall,
And is to ſeeke about his ſoules eſtate,
When *Death* is op'ning of the priſon-gate?
Beare witneſſe friends, that I diſcharge me plaine,
Heere Maiſter, heere, receiue your Staffe againe:
Vpon the ſame condition I did take it,
According as you wil'd me, I forſake it.
And ouer and aboue, I will beſtow,
This *Epitaph*, which ſhall your folly ſhow:

Heere lies a man, at death did heauen climbe,
But in his life, he neuer ſought the ſame.

A Simple Clowne in *Flaunders*,
As he trauailing had him,
(Hauing his Wife in company)

Came late vnto his Inne,
A *Spanish* Souldier being there,
A gueſt vnto the place:
No ſooner ſaw, but lik't his Wife,
(She had a comely face)
And watch't when they were gone to bed,
Then boldly in comes hee,
And neuer ſayd, Friends by your leaue,
But made their number three.
The Clowne lay ſtill, and felt a ſtirre,
Yet durſt not ſpeake for's life;
At length his patience was ſo moou'd,
He ſoftly iogg'd his Wife,
And ſayd to her; prethee intreat
The *Spaniard* to be ſtill.
Can I ſpeake *Spaniſh* man, (quoth ſhee)
You know I haue no skill?
But Husband, if you pleaſe to riſe,
And for the Sexton goe,
He vnderſtandeth *Spaniſh* well,
Aſſuredly I know.
Fayth and Ile fetch him ſtraight (quoth hee)
And ſo the Ruſticke roſe,
And ſoftly ſneaking out of doores,
About his meſſage goes.
Meane time (imagine what you will)
To mee it is vnknowne,
But ere her Husband came againe,
The *Spaniard* he was gone.
Which when this ſimple Foole perceiu'd,
He fell to domineere;
Oh Wife (ſayd hee) for twentie pound
I would I had him heere.

Tell mee ſweete heart, when I was gone,
How long the Knaue did ſtay?
(Quoth ſhe) you ſcarce were out of doores
Before he ran away.
Wife (quoth the Clowne) thou mak'ſt mee laugh,
That I did feare him thus;
Come let vs take a little nap,
For his diſturbing vs.
You ſee what comes of pollicie,
And good diſcretion: Wife,
If I had been a haſty foole,
It might haue coſt my life.

I Am a profeſt Courtezan,
That liue by peoples ſinne:
With halfe a dozen Puncks I keepe,
I haue great comming in.
Such ſtore of Traders haunt my houſe,
To finde a luſty Wench,
That twentie Gallants in a weeke,
Doe entertaine the *French*,
Your Courtier, and your Citizen,
Your very ruſtique Clowne,
Will ſpend an Angell on the Poxe,
Euen ready mony downe.
I ſtriue to liue moſt Lady-like,
And ſcorne thoſe fooliſh Queanes,
That doe not rattle in their Silkes,
And yet haue able meanes.
I haue my Coach, as if I were
A Counteſſe, I proteſt
I haue my daintie Muſicke playes
When I would take my reſt.

I haue my Seruing-men that waite
Vpon mee in blew Coates:
I haue my Oares that attend
My pleasure, with their Boates:
I haue my Champions that will fight,
My Louers that do fawne:
I haue my Hat, my Hood, my Maske,
My Fanne, my Cobweb Lawne:
To giue my Glouе vnto a Gull,
Is mighty fauour found:
When for the wearing of the same,
It costs him twentie pound.
My Garter as a gracious thing,
Another takes away:
And for the same a silken Gowne,
The Prodigall doth pay.
Then comes an Asse, and he forsooth
Is in such longing fleete,
My Busk-poynt euen on his knees,
With teares he doth intreat:
I graunt it, to reioyce the man,
And then requeſt a thing,
Which is both Gold and precious stone,
The Wood-cocks Diamond Ring.
Another lowly minded youth,
Forsooth my Shooe-string craues,
And that he putteth through his eare,
Calling the reſt, base slaues.
Thus fit I Fooles in humours still,
That come to me for game;
I puniſh them for *Venerie*,
Leauing their Purſes lame.
In New-gate some take lodging vp,

Till they to Tiburne ride:
And others walke to Wood-ſtreet,
With a Sargeant by their ſide.
Some goe to Hounſ-ditch with their Cloaths
To pawne for mony lending:
And ſome I ſende to Surgeons ſhops,
Becauſe they lacke ſome mending.
Others paſſe ragged vp and downe,
All tatter'd, rent, and torne,
But being in that ſcuruy caſe,
Their companies I ſcorne.
For if they come and fawne on mee,
There's nothing to be got;
As ſoone as ere my Merchants breake,
I ſweare, I know them not.

No entertainment, nor a looke,
That they ſhall get of mee:
A Ifonce I doe begin perceiue
That out of caſh they bee,
All kindneſſes that I profeſſe,
The fayreſt ſhewes I make,
Is loue to all that come to mee
For Gold and Siluers ſake.
To forward men, I forward am;
Moſt franke vnto the free:
But ſuch as take their wares on truſt,
Are not to deale with mee.
The World is hard, all things are deare,
Good-fellowſhip decayes:
And euery one ſeekes profit now,
In theſe ſame hungry dayes.
Although my trade in ſecret bee,
Vnlawfull to be knowne;

Yet

Yet I will make the best I can,
Of that which is mine owne.
For seeing I doe venture faire,
At price of whipping cheere,
I haue no reason but to make
My Customers pay deere:
Our charge beside, is very great
To keepe vs fine and braue,
A Whore that goes not gallantly,
Shall little doinges haue.
Therefore all things consider'd well,
Our charges, and our danger:
A dayly Friend shall pay as much
As any Terme-time stranger.

A Rich man and a poore did both appeare
Before a Iudge, an iniurie to cleare:
The Rich did tell a tale most tedious long,
Mending (as he suppos'd) with words, the wrong:
And euer when the Poore man would haue spoke,
With bold out-facing speech he did him choke:
The wofull wight at length could beare no longer,
But boldly rais'd his voyce both loud and stronger:
My Lord (quoth he) pray now bid *Dives* stay,
And heare but what poore *Lazarus* can say:
My Oxe came in his field, which he doth keepe,
And sweares for that, hee'le pay me with a Sheepe.

FINIS.